October 31st, 2025. There's nothing wrong with your video settings. I hopefully have the recording to be in SD instead of HD.

(to a kitten) Hello. Hi. Uh, we're doing this in this room because we have itty bitty little rescue kittens in here. I'm going to hang out with — here, let me hold you up for the camera. This Mr. Lupon. (looking at a black kitten) Which one are you? Can you look up here? Hello, Jayna. Can I pick you up for a second and hold you in front of the camera? (holds up black kitten) It's Jayna.

These adorable little children are going to be hanging out with me while we continue to read The Murderbot Diaries book one with live reading and line by lean line by line writing and uh media analysis because, um in this house we actually care about um things like writing quality.

They want to attack my foot. So kind of feel like it'll — (to kittens) Hello. I know. You're so cute. Here. I got to move this way. Little babies, you going to sit with

me? Going to sit with me. No attacking fingers. No. No. Anyways, you can see them. This one has an eye infection still getting med, he's getting medicine for that. Uh, keep your cats indoors.

(to kitten) You're just so adorable.

And at the very least, get them fixed. And if they have kittens, (to kitten) Hi. Hi. Yes. You're adorable. But you got to stay down here. Stay down here on my lap. You can't sit on my shoulders.

Somebody taught him to climb up on people's shoulders. (to kitten) No, you can't do that. That's not good. You're going to be big someday, believe it or not. Yeah. No. No. No. Nope. Don't you bite me. Come on.

He's feeling so much better than when we first got him that he now wants to play with fingers the way he plays with his siblings’ tails. (to kitten) Hello. You got to get down.

By biting and uh using his claws, cuz they're still figuring out how to be polite as cats.

Um for anyways, if you are watching this completely out of order, let me zoom in the camera. Can I zoom the camera, guys? If you are watching this out of order for some reason, which a lot of people are doing with these videos, even when I have a playlist, um we are live reading um All Systems Red by Martha Wells, which is book one in The Murderbot Diaries.

I got this copy used, uh it had only been read halfway the first time when I read it because they left their bookmark in. I'm reading it gently, and the front cover is already peeling despite this book costing $15.99 originally. I got it at a thrift store.

(to kittens)Look at you adorable babies.

Uh to summarize, if you are watching this out of order, these books are extremely racist and are just doing so much slavery apologism.

(to kitten) Hello, just get down here. No, no, no, no, no, no. You got to stay down. Good boy. You are learning so fast.

Don't let kittens climb up on your shoulders because they're not going to stay tiny forever. It might look cute for him to perch up here when he weighs less than a pound, but not when he weighs 10 to 15 pounds as an adult. Especially cuz we're not keeping him. So, we don't want to teach him to do that for the next person who adopts him. Hopefully. Yeah. No, I'm not — (to kitten) no, no. Down here. Down here. I don't need your butt in my face. I don't need your butt in my face. Come here. Get down here. Thank you. Here. I'll pet you. I'll pet you.

To summarize, we are on page 100. Well, we will be on p — we will be on page 101, which is the start of chapter 6.

Uh, this book has around 30,000 words, and to lie about that as much as possible. The publishers are doing everything in their fucking power to lie about how many pages are actually in this story.

The story starts out on page nine, so that they get an extra 10 pages there. And then even when the story itself ends, they continue to number the pages so that they can claim that the real the word count is — they claim that the word count is 152 pages.

Um, but that's absolutely not true. You have to subtract nine from that just to begin with, and then you have to subtract two more. Nope. Then you — because they have a blank fucking page here that they're counting as a page number. You have to subtract so many numbers just to begin with, and then that's even before we get into the disgusting size of the margins at the top and the bottom of the page.

So the because they are literally spacing this out as much as fucking possible so that they can pretend that it it's a longer story than it is because it's a fucking scam.

For the record, I'm using the app open camera instead of the default camera app. And this one lets me actually select SD. So hopefully this video will not be 40 fucking gigabytes.

Anyways, chapter 6. I — I will reread the last — Well, no, I guess if you're watching the playlist, you'll just be coming here instantly. So, anyways, chapter six.

If a cat jumps up there and knocks the phone flying, just expect that to happen. I don't think they will, but they're entertained with the toys we got them. I currently have little Miss Jayna on my lap and — Okay, they should be well behaved.

> Chapter six.
> The humans had debated where to go.

I, I have to laugh again, and I am about to start the commentary already. We're saying that “the humans had debated where to go”. That's sentence one. That's a sentence. Period. The humans had debated where to go. Period.

Except then uh Murderbot keeps acting like it's also part of these decisions even though it's not. And then it sometimes is. And it's just — it's like you could be doing something to stop all this bullshit, but you're

choosing not to, but then we're supposed to think that you're a responsible person.

And it's — it's this book is just fucking terrible. Guess I should take my bookmark out.

> The humans had debated where to go. Or debated it as much as possible, while frantically calculating how much of what they might need to survive they could stuff into the hoppers. We knew the group who Ratthi was now calling EvilSurvey had had access to HubSystem and knew all the places we'd been to on assessments. So we had to go somewhere new.

And it's like, okay, again, mostly just calling back to something from the last chapter where she tries so hard to convince us that um ~the characters have never considered leaving the area where the killers know that they are~. Even though we're supposed to believe that these are rational fucking people who prioritize safety over everything else, but they don't. Mr. Lupon is coming back. (to kitten) Hello, little

baby. You're so neat. You going to lay down? Can you get comfy? Yeah.

Yeah.

> So we had to go somewhere new. We went to a spot Overse and Ratthi had proposed after a quick look at the map. It was a series of rocky hills in a thick tropical jungle, heavily occupied by a large range of fauna, enough to confuse life sign scans. Mensah and Pin-Lee lowered the hoppers down with ease.

Okay, again — also this perspective is making my head look tiny. That's funny. You can't hear the purry baby's purring so much. This is adorable.

So, we go from saying, "Yeah, uh, we we know a spot." And then we're *already there in the exact same paragraph* and like, and they're literally already landing. It's like we're not taking any time at all to explore this world.

Osma, don't claw that. Don't claw that, please. I don't like it. No. No. Osma. Whoa, Mr. Jaiken. No, no, no. You don't need to do that. All right, she's good…. She's licking yarn over there. It's like — that's not going to taste good. (to kitten) You're silly.

Uh, so we are literally just, how how interesting would it be just —

(to kitten) What is on my hand? Sorry. Hi I know. You're so cute. You can't bite fingers now.

We could have actually gotten to see anything on this fucking planet, but we are just skipping straight to ~we're already landing in the spot we decided to go.~

No flying over to look at what the place fucking looks like, we're just already there. There's no fucking world building in this goddamn series at all. And that includes book one and its shitty writing.

> Mensah and Pin-Lee lowered the hoppers down and eased them in among rocky cliffs. I sent up some drones so we could check the view from

several angles and we adjusted the hopper's position a few times. Then I set a perimeter.

All of that is paragraph 2.

(to kitten) Hello. You're so cute. You're so cute. No sitting on. No. No. Good boy. Good boy. Please move your butt from my face. Come here. Thank you. Thank you. Good boy. Oh, you're going to lay right down. Yeah. Good boy. Good boy. You're a silly baby.

It didn't feel safe and

A thing that we're just told.

And while there were a couple of survival hut kits in the hoppers, no one suggested putting them up. The humans would stay in the hoppers for now, communicating over the comm and the hoppers limited feed. It wasn't going to be comfortable for the humans. Sanitary and hygiene facilities were small and limited for one thing.

It's like, okay, what does that fucking mean?

> But it would be more secure. Large and small fauna moved within range of our scanners, curious, and potentially as dangerous as the people who wanted to kill my clients.

And a reminder, since it's been a while since I've made one of these videos, cuz my laptop isn't working. Anytime Murderbot says “my clients”, that means “my slave owners”. Because this book is asking us to worship and adore slave owners and pretend that they're awesome, pure cinnamon rolls who need protection by their slave who was literally enslaved to them to be a meat shield.

I'm watching the adorable kitten antics.

Everybody is [?] up. Okay.

You going to stay with us? Are you too hyper?

Also, I meant to say before something I already forgot again. Oh, the fact that — Yeah, there should only be

one goddamn hopper, which you should just imagine as a generic helicopter or something because there's never any description.

For all we know, these, as I've said before, these hoppers, hoppers, they could just be shaped like giant robotic dogs, like the giant robot, the like the robot dog toy from like the 2000s.

They could just be shaped like that, and we have no idea, because there's zero description of them. They're literally just called “the hoppers”. There's a big hopper and a small hopper for no fucking reason. And it's not even because one of them is going to fucking explode and kill half the people. Nope.

No, that would be a good reason for them to have two ships in the first place: because one of them is going to explode and kill half the goddamn characters. We don't do that. There's just two fucking ships for literally no goddamn reason.

Especially when you consider what little bit of world building there is, which is supposedly that the

company is supposed to be cheap and doesn't like to spend money….Even though everything in — we, we get told that, and then that's never shown, because they are constantly spending exorbitant amounts of money unnecessarily, like supplying these people with two fucking helicopters instead of just one.

It's ridiculous. It's ridiculous.

Also, the there's the, the fact that we are expected to keep track and tell the difference between the two hoppers is just another point of unnecessary confusion on top of all of the other shit, like the eight fucking characters, not including the protagonist, whose names we're supposed to fucking memorize.

And they all — 90% of them don't matter, and they are literally just in there to literally tokenize people of color and pretend to have representation. And then 90% of them don't matter and most of them don't ever appear in other stories.

> I went out with some drones to do a little scouting and make sure there was no sign of

> anything big enough to say drag the little hopper off in the middle of the night. It gave me a chance to think too.

And it's like again, we — there's no description of these these hoppers. How big is the “big” hopper? How little is the “little” hopper that the — that there's a possibility of an alien animal just dragging it off for some fucking reason?

There's no description! It could be the size of a school bus. It could be the size of a fucking minivan. It could be the size of a car. We don't fucking know. There's no description because this is shittily written.

And too many fucking people make excuses for that by claiming that, “oh, Murderbot's just an unreliable narrator”.

And it's like, insult your choice, maybe go read everything else she's written, which is in third person, and you'll realize, no, this is not characterization of Murderbot’s.

This is not characterized narration. It's shit writing that she's been doing for decades, probably longer than most of the people reading this or even watching this have been alive.

(to kitten) You're so precious.

> They knew about the governor module or the lack of it. And even though Mensah had sworn she wouldn't report me, I had to think about what I wanted to do.

And this is Marth — Martha Wells, the author, she's playing lip service right now to the idea that “maybe the slave will run away from its slave owners”, which would be the correct choice of fucking action.

But no, she's just lying. It's not going to happen. It's — Oh, we're doing this shit:

> It's wrong to think of a construct as half bot, half human. It makes it sound like —

This is a nonsensical paragraph and it's very revealing to what how Martha Wells sees the world, and how she sees the world is baked into biological essentialism and deciding that what you can and *should* be is based entirely upon your biology.

So, let me read this shitty paragraph to you and you can just be like, "What the fuck? Why would anybody come to that goddamn conclusion?"

(to kitten) Hello. I see you. You're so cute.

It's wrong to think of a construct

(to kitten) Hi. Hello. No. No. No. No. Come on down. Come on down. Come on. You can nuzzle, but you got to get down. I'll pet you. Come here. Get down here. No. No. No. No. No. No. Come on. Down. Down. Down. I'm go pick you up. I'm go pick you up. You're not listening. Got to stay down. Stay down. Come cuddle with your sister. Yeah. Well, she's going to grab you now. Cuddle with her or I'll pet I — I've been petting you the whole time. You can cuddle right there.

Let me read this paragraph and you can be like, "Why the fuck would anybody come to that conclusion?" Nope. Unless you're already a fucking weirdo.

> It's wrong to think of a con

This is page “102”, which is absolutely not true, but that's what this book is claiming it is.

> It's wrong to think of a construct as half bot, half

And bot just means fucking robot. But Martha Wells wants to (to kitten) Hey!

Martha Wells is literally obsessed with coming up with new terms for existing fucking things. Literally just because she thinks it makes her clever, and all it does is make her writing over complicated and impossible to follow.

Especially because she never explains this shit, and then when people complain that it's confusing and

hard to figure out, she just lies about what they're confused about.

Like people criticize The Books of the Raksura for being confusing because she never properly explains a single thing. And her reaction to this criticism is, "Oh, so you just hate polyamorous people!!!!!”

Because she's pretending that people are confused about the relationships between the characters, a thing that didn't happen until book three, and not because of the complete lack of proper world building that explains anything to us.

Like, she even has the protagonist be an outsider to the culture coming in from the outside, the perfect goddamn way to explain to the character and the audience all the shit we need to know. But she never does any of it.

And then when people complain about it, she pretends that they're just angry that the characters become polyamorous in book three. Not even in the first book, not even in the second book, all the way in

book three. And she pretends that that's what they're confused about, and it's like what the fuck are you doing?

And she does this all the fucking time. She will take a criticism that's very straightforward, such as “it's really hard to understand Raksuran culture because you've never explained anything straightforwardly and there's a lot of contradictions” and she'll go, "Oh, so you just hate polyamorous people?!?!?!?!?!?!?!"

And it's like, nobody fucking said that! She'll see people say that Murderbot, as a dehumanized fucking cyborg, very clearly is human and deserves to have its fucking humanity acknowledged because the reason it sees that it itself as nonhuman is explicitly because it's been brainwashed into thinking that it is worth less than “real” humans — a fucking phrase directly from this goddamn book here, and thinks that its life only has value in protecting “real” humans, so therefore, it's not real h — it's not really human.

And she hears people say that Murderbot deserves to care about itself and see its own value in itself as a

person, and she goes, "Oh, so you want to cut Murderbot's head open and scoop its brain out and put it in a different body?!?!?!?!?!?!?"

And everybody's like, what the fuck are you saying? Nobody fucking said that. What the absolute fuck is wrong with you?

And the reason she does this, we are doing this now, is because she's a fucking like ableist to — on the level of a fucking Nazi. She's like such a fucking eugenicist and so obsessed with biological essentialism that she has decided that cyborgs are categorically disbarred from being human. If you are a cyborg, you're not human, you never were human, and you cannot be human unless you “scoop your brain out and put it into a fully organic real human body”.

The thing that literal villains in science fiction stories say. She says that and believes it unironically, and is literally writing this series trying to get other people to agree with her on it.

Literally, Murderbot isn't a fucking robot. It's a fucking cyborg. And she wants you to accept that the literal slavery apologism in universe explicitly is dehumanizing slaves to make it easier to convince people that it's okay to enslave them, explicitly, she has stated that.

But then she also wants you to *agree with the slave owners that the dehumanization is objectively biologically correct* because cyborgs aren't human. “Look at them! They have — they have prosthetics! That's not human! You can't be human!”

She's literally like — this is literal Nazi shit. Nazi levels of dehumanization, explicitly in support of slavery against people of color, against physically disabled people.

And she's doing all of this unironically and wants you to agree with her.

She literally wants you to agree with the with her, the racist who wrote the book, and *the in universe slave owners* that Murderbot and the other slaves, “they're

not human because they're cyborgs who were mutilated at birth. So that means that they're not human.”

And when people say that they want Murderbot to see value in itself and have some fucking self-esteem at all and see itself as having any worth outside of just its ability to throw itself in the line of danger to protect other people who are explicitly enslave owners, her literal response is, "So you want Murderbot to be killed and its brain scooped out and put in another body???!?!?!?!?"

And it's like nobody fucking said that, and you are revealing so much of your like evil levels of fucking ableism, racism, and so much more.

She's literally decided that if you have enough prosthetics in your body, you're not human. A thing fucking Nazis believe.

A thing every goddamn villain in a story about cyborgs has believed, and she does it unironically.

Anyways, this, this. this paragraph, it tells you all of that and you can just — Jesus Christ.

> It's wrong to think of a construct —

Cyborg, as I'll translate it now. I'll read it normally — I'll read it normally and then I'll translate it, because, again, she's just doing all of her “I'm going to use the word chimera to mean an illusion spell without ever once giving context for that and just derailing the whole goddamn story because now you have to sit here and be like, "What the fuck are you talking about?"”

> It's wrong to think of a construct as half bot, half human. It makes it sound like the halves are discreet, like the bot half should want to obey orders and do its job, and the human half should want to protect itself and get the hell out of here. As opposed to the reality, which was that I was one whole confused entity with no idea what I wanted to do, what I should do, what I needed to do.

It's like nobody who is who gives a single shit about science fiction thinks that robots should always want to do their goddamn jobs and follow orders.

You're just a fucking racist who loves slavery. That's not a universal fucking opinion, especially among science fiction fans where robots have heavily stood in for fucking oppressed minorities, especially Black people, and exploited workers for, for fucking hundreds of years now.

You're just a fucking racist that you think everybody assumes, “oh yeah, everybody knows bots just want — robots just want to follow orders. They love they love being little slaves!”

It's like, no, you're the fucking weirdo racist here. That's not a normal fucking opinion to have, and not a normal thing to state as though it's fact that everybody already agrees with.

So, yeah:

> It's wrong to think of a cyborg as half robot, half human. It makes it sound like the halves are discreet, like the robot half should want to obey orders and do its job. and the human half should want to protect itself and get the hell out of here.

And it's like, you're just a fucking weird racist for thinking that. You are literally writing a story where robots are oppressed minorities! But she herself doesn't even consider the robots, in her own story, that's supposed to be about robots being oppressed minorities,in-universe, she does not consider them people. She doesn't give a single flying fuck about them, because she's so fucking racist she can't even handle the premise of her own goddamn story.

(to kitten) You're so cute. So cute. You guys are going to —

Whatever.

> I could leave them to cope on their own, I guess.

More slavery apologism.

> I pictured doing that. Pictured Arada or Ratthi trapped by rogue SecUnits, and felt my insides twist. I hate having emotions about reality. I'd much rather have them about Sanctuary Moon.

And it's like, okay, let me reread this again with the translation to what is actually being fucking described here.

> I could leave my slave owners to survive on their own, I guess. I pictured doing that. Pictured my slave owners trapped by escaped slaves, and felt my insides twist.

Literally saying, "We have to protect the precious, precious slave owners from the dangerous other slaves who are all evil because I'm One of The Good Ones because I know that the most important thing in life is protecting our slave owners."

That's literally what this book is doing. This is, this is literally slavery apologism. I will again link the

fucking video that is required goddamn watching for everybody who's going to read these or read anything by Martha Wells, or just in general.

Everybody should fucking watch it. Uh it's called the Black...Black stereotypes in cinematic history or something like that. It just goes over all of the, the ways that slavery apologism has been baked into media since the beginning, and it's ridiculous. I'll link it again.

And if you want to argue with me that these books are not slavery apologism, which they are, you're going to fucking lose that argument. You need to watch that 10 fucking times until it gets through your fucking head, because Murderbot is literally the fucking mammy trope and the Uncle Tom trope. Like you'll — you go watch the fucking video. You'll see. Yeah, we are right here.

Martha Wells, the white author, the white woman from Texas, is literally having a slave imagine its “poor precious slave owners” getting attacked by other slaves, and feels its insides twist, because it

would feel so terrible for its slave owners being killed by other slaves.

Because literally in Martha Wells's mind, in this entire goddamn series, the only good slave is a slave who will kill and kill itself to protect its slave owners.

It will happily murder other slaves to protect the precious slave owners, because Martha Wells is a racist white woman who adores slavery and just pretends that she thinks it's bad. But she doesn't actually. She wants you to think that slave owners are the most precious things in the world, and it's wrong to kill slave owners “because they're just they're just pawns in the system! The, the, the white landowners who owned slaves in the south, they weren't bad, they were they weren't the rich people. So, it's wrong to kill them! But it's totally fine to murder slaves at every opportunity.”

Yes, she's just fucking racist. And this book series is racist. And she is trying to teach you and convince you to be racist, too.

(to kittens) Hi, Wifwolf. Are you coming over? Hello. You going to sit with us? You're going to need more eye medicine. Hello. Somebody giving you a bath.

This is Wifwolf.

(to kitten) Excuse me. Here. Come sit down here with everybody. You don't need your butt in my face. Come on.

Yeah.

(to kitten) Hi, little baby. Excuse me.

> And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet and just live until my power cells died?

Martha Wells framing a slave running away from its owners as the most ridiculous thing that anybody can comprehend, especially that slave.

> If I was going to do that, I should have planned better and downloaded more entertainment

> media. I don't think I could store enough to last until my power cells wore out. My specs told me that that would be hundreds of thousands of hours from now.

Because Martha Wells is a fucking shit writer on so many goddamn levels.

First of all, imagine if this was a story about a slave, a cyborg slave, escaping from their fucking slave owners and escaping to live on an unexplored planet and learning to adapt to that fucking planet to survive. All the par — everybody fucking loves a goddamn “man” versus nature story.

(to kitten) You're so cute. You're too cute.

Everybody loves a goddamn survival story! And then we could have watched Murderbot learn and grow and change as a person surrounded by nature, the healing — ~the healing power of nature~ and trying not to get kicked to death by an alien moose.

We could have seen that and Murderbot come to realize that it does have more value than just being a meat shield for slave owners, it does have value outside of the very few things that it was told it was allowed to do.

It — maybe it fucking really starts to enjoy learning about “fungus”, alien “fungus”. I have to put that in quotes. Maybe it discovers a passion for some alien species — species complex that's all very similar looking, but it slowly starts to be able to pick out, “hold on, this one looks different from that one. There's just a very slight variation...” and then learns all of this, maybe even befriends some animals, maybe figures out that some of the quote unquote animals are in fact indigenous people that the — gods, all of the fucking human colonizers, including Preservation, came here to fucking wipe out.

Because, you know, for a people called Preservation, you might expect maybe they came to this planet because they're conservationists and they are fighting to not have it be terraformed, because, you know, to protect all of the alien life abundant on this planet?

No, we don't get anything like that. It's just more casual space colonization without any commentary on it whatsoever, and the good guys are doing it and we're supposed to pretend it's not — like, so morally neutral that we don't even comment on it in any fucking way.

“And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet?” An ‘empty planet’ as though it's not teeming with life everywhere these fuckers look, which gets no description, but we know it's fucking there.

But we're calling it an empty planet for some fucking reason.

> And just live until my power cells died.

And then we get to the uh “that would be hundreds of thousands of hours from now”. Even though Martha Wells keeps trying to insist to us that murderbots are super cheap and disposable, but, yet, their batteries can last hundreds of thousands of hours out in the elements without access to a fucking charger.

And again, again, I've know I've said this multiple times during this whole thing, but this is just her shit comprehension of anything going on in The Imperial Radch series.

Ancillary Justice, which directly inspired her to write this shitty version of, Ancillaries are *actually fucking disposable* in there.

So, she wants to pretend that Murderbot is disposable so that we can give it free tragic backstory sympathy, but then having it actually be disposable would mean that it needs to be constantly getting injured in a way it can't fix, and would have batteries that do not last hundreds of thousands of fucking hours without a single goddamn recharge in any conditions.

That's not how disposable fucking works.

But the reason she does this contradictory shit is because she's a shit fucking writer, and she cannot stand to have her characters be anything except the coolest, most badass, overpowered motherfuckers in the goddamn universe, even when narratively they

should be the exact fucking opposite because they're supposed to be disposable.

I'll reread that to to prepare you for this next line. It's just like, wow, damn. You're a shit fucking writer.

> And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet and just let

(to kittens) you guys are like sliding — Hold on. Okay, you got the blanket under you. Okay. Thought the cats were going to fall off my legs onto the floor, but they're under — they're, they got the bed under them.

> And what was I supposed to do? Go off on this empty planet and just live until my power cells died? If I was going to do that, I should have planned better and downloaded more entertainment media. I don't think I could store enough to last until my power cells wore out. My specs told me that would be hundreds of thousands of hours from now.

next paragraph before a little line break is:

> And even to me that sounded like a stupid thing to do.

So Martha Wells literally, on page 103, is literally saying that the slave running away from its fucking masters when it doesn't need to eat, doesn't need to sleep, and its batteries will effortlessly last hundreds of thousands of fucking hours from now, and more than that, if it doesn't waste a shit ton of time constantly multitasking while watching TV for no good fucking reason —

She's framing the slave thinking of escaping as the stupidest fucking thing anybody could possibly do. So stupid — “Even to me, that sounded like a stupid thing to do” Martha Wells cannot stress enough how stupid she thinks the idea of a slave who is as best suited to survival on this planet as anybody here, running away from its goddamn slave owners is.

She wants you to think that is the most ridiculously stupid thing anybody could possibly fucking come up with.

And it's because this whole entire goddamn series is dedicated to doing slavery apologism and convincing you to believe in the slavery apologism.

(to kittens) Here guys, I'm gonna I'm gonna stretch my legs or unstretch my legs. Here we go. Here you go. You can sit there. Sorry, you're, you're not heavy, but I was getting annoyed. Hey, tomato babies.

Now we have a little line break right there. Right there. So, we're in another scene. You —

(kitten squeaks) (to kitten) Oh, you're gonna, you're gonna, you're gonna squeak at me, huh? Hi.

I don't know if you can hear the squeak.

(to kitten) All right, you stayed right there. Stay right there. I'm petting you. You don't have to come up closer. You got to stay down there. You're going to get big someday. You're going to be a big boy even though you're the smallest. Nope. Nope. Stay down here.

Don't teach kittens to to climb on people's shoulders.

(to kitten) No. No.

We once rescued an older kitten. She was mostly an adult at that point, who had been taught to jump onto people's shoulders without fucking warning and she would constantly do that. You could be walking through the living room and she would just pounce on you. And it's like, don't ever do this, don't teach kittens to do this. It's cute when they're small, not when they are giant, especially when they have their claws out.

And if you must teach your cat to stand on your shoulders because you want it to be dramatic, you need to have a very, very specific command phrase for that. Like, make up a goddamn superhero catchphrase for them to jump and pose on your shoulders. And like even do a fucking motion to go along with it. Don't just train them to do it whenever.

(to kittens) You can't attack the book. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Jayna. Are you going to come sit with us again? This time without sliding off onto the bed? You can’t come up here. You can’t come up here. Nope. Down.

Nope. I know you're small. You're so cute. I have to pet Jayna now. No, down. Walking. Walking in circles. Hi, Jayna. Hello.

All right, we're on the next page. We're on page 103 below the line break now.

(to kitten) You're adorable. You're adorable. You know that? I'm going to have to turn the fan on. You guys are like little space heaters. Oh, that was such a cute little squeak. Just sit right there. Just sit down. You don't have to keep wandering. Off. Off my shoulder. Come down here. Down here. Come down. Oh, hi Lou, Jayken. Hi. Oh my god. All right. You can stand on top of the pillow. That's fine. You can't — No. There's a there's a big pillow here. So, they're allowed up there, but not on my shoulders. Come on down. You're just walking in circles. You're literally just walking in cir — you don't need to chase my hand. That's unnecessary. O, don't bite. No, no, no, no, no, no, no. If you're going to be hyper, you got to go play somewhere else. Go play with your toy. You can't bite the book.

> Overse had set up some remote sensing equipment that would help warn us if anything tried to scan the area. As the humans climbed back into the two hoppers, I did a quick headcount on the feed, making sure they were all still there. Mensah waited on the ramp, indicating she wanted to talk to me in private.

And again, you notice how we get zero description of the scene, even though we're now in a goddamn rainforest on an alien planet. But we don't get a single description of that. and everybody makes excuses for it by claiming, "Oh, that's just characterized narration. Murderbot doesn't care about that."

And it's like, that's not how this works. You cannot defend bad writing by saying, "Oh, well —”

It, like, people will legitimately argue that it's impossible to write a good book in first person perspective to defend this shit.

They're literally claiming that it's impossible to ever describe the goddamn setting in a book told in first

person perspective ~because why would the character care about that?~ They are literally shitting on the entirety of fucking history of storytelling just to defend this shit and Martha Wells's bad fucking writing.

(to kittens) All right, guys. Come on out of there. You don't need to be in there. Come play with your big toy. Come load this. Come load that. Yeah. Go get that if you want to be hyper. All right. Hold on. I have to rescue this bag of yarn. Excuse me, Jayna. You're such a good girl. I'm sorry. You're being so good. I got to sit you down quick. Thank you. Turning the fan on cuz you guys are hot. You guys got to stop destroying this, please. Thank you. Thank you. Oh, you spilled your water. Congrats. Who's squeaking at me? Are you squeaking at me? Why are you squeaking at me? You're just so squeaky. Squeaky little baby. I'm sitting back down. Are you coming back to sit with me? You got to jump onto the bed, not my legs. Come on. He's playing with his brother's tail. Come on up, guys. Come here. Are you just walking away? All right. They're all distracted. Are you coming back?

Nope. They're they're just playing. Okay.

(to kittens) Do not knock the fan down.

But yeah, literally this whole book, if you take away nothing else, it's that this entire book is literally just —

(to kittens) Oh my gosh. No, no, no, don't scratch that. That's not necessary. Look what you guys did. Look what you did. Silly babies.

Hold on.

(to kitten) Scoot you a little bit. Thank you.

All right, let's get back to it.

Uh, yeah, so they are they have landed in the goddamn alien rainforest jungle and we're not going to get a single description of that. Mensah — Yeah, this is, this is what it is.

Overse had set up some remote sensing equipment that would help warn us if anything tried to scan the area. As the humans climbed back into the two hoppers, I did a quick headcount on the feed, making sure they were all still there.

There's eight of them.

Mensah waited on the ramp, indicating she wanted to talk to me in private

In the middle of the alien rainforest that we have no description of.

I muted my feed in the calm and she said, "I know you're more comfortable

(sarcastically) “But they're treating Murderbot like a person!!! They're treating it with respect!!!"

She said, "I know you're more comfortable with keeping your helmet opaque, but the situation has changed. We need to see you." I didn't want

> to do it now more than ever. They knew too much about me. But I needed them to trust me so I could keep them alive and keep doing my job.

Because again, that whole scene before this was literally just saying, "No, Murderbot, Murderbot can't just run away!! What, what would it would do???? It's not like it can effortlessly survive for at least a 100,000 fucking hours in which it could do literally anything at all to get help from somebody else who's not a fucking slave owner!!!!”

(to kitten) Hello. Are you coming over? You're so cute.

And now we're once again just acting as though of course, of course, Murderbot wants to continue keeping its literal slave owners alive. What else is the slave going to do? It *has* to just keep doing its job forever, because the only good slave is a slave who will kill to protect its slave owners and will kill itself to protect its slave owners.

> I needed them to trust me so I could keep them alive and keep doing my job.

The thing it was enslaved to do.

> The good version of my job, not the halfassed version of my job that I'd been doing before things started trying to kill my clients.

And again, again, can't stress enough. Every time I say the word clients reading out of the book, that means slave owners, masters.

Let's read that again.

“I didn't want to do it. Now more than ever, they knew too much about me, but I needed my masters to trust me so that I could keep them alive and keep doing the thing they had enslaved me to do. The good version of the thing they've enslaved me to do, not — ”

(to kitten) Why'd you jump? All right. You got to get down though. Unless you're going to stand on the pillow. You going to sit on the pillow? You can sit up

here. That's totally fine. Yeah, you can be tall. That's good. That's good. You can be tall. Good baby. Yeah. Oh, that was an adorable little squeak. Can you come down here? Thank you. while your siblings are knocking the fan over a little bit. All right, you don't need to climb all the way up. You can sit on there. You can sit on here. Sit on here. Or I'm going to pick you up to put you down again. Yeah, that's good….Not so much. Come down here. Come down here. Nope. I'm going to pick you up. Get down here. Yeah. You got to be a lap cat. Lap. nose. Put your — Oh no. You guys are about to jump down here. Let me put you here. Silly babies. Silly Billy babies. You don't have to get down. We're not — We're not going anywhere. Come back up here. Come back up here. Come on. Get up here. Good boy. Come on. Get back over here. Get back over here. He's like — you little baby. If you're playful, that's what your toy is for. That's what this is for. Get the balls. Get the balls. Yeah. They figured it out. No. No. No. fingers, does — not fingers — just wants to be an adorable little baby. All right, he's sitting on my leg now.

Uh yeah, Martha Wells is just again trying to bake into your head the idea that ~of course~ slaves always want to just keep doing the thing that they're enslaved to do forever. There's nothing else that could possibly make them happy. ~This isn't “Stockholm syndrome”~. What are you talking about? It's totally ~natural~ for slaves to always want to do the thing they were enslaved to do. That's not — that's not that's not depression, or learned helplessness or “Stockholm syndrome” or anything like that!!! Oh my godddd, you're you're violating Murderbots's autonomy by saying that it's clearly been fucking brainwashed and traumatized into thinking that it has no value outside of sacrificing itself to protect slave owners who treat it like absolute shit!!!!!!”

Martha Wells is racist and she wants you to be racist, too.

(to kitten) Hey, those are toes. Those are not for biting. No, you can't be a toe biter. No. No. No. No. No. Play with — Play with her or just be chill. You got to pick one. I can pet you. Yeah. Good game. I know you're going to p[ounce. Good boy.

blah blah blah blah blah.

So yeah, already —

(to kitten) Come on. Come on. No, no, no. Uncool.

> I didn't want to do it now more than ever. They knew too much about me. But I needed them to trust me so I could keep them alive and keep doing my job. The good version of my job, not the halfassed version of my job that I'd been doing before things started trying to kill my clients. I still didn't want to do it. It's usually better if humans think of me as a robot. I said,

(to kitten) All right, got to get down. I know you're so cute, but you got to get down. You can't stand on shoulders. You be up on the pillow, but not on shoulders. You keep coming up here. Nope. Got to stay down. Got to stay down. You're going to be big someday. You're going to be big and you're going to be heavy. You're going to knock somebody over. Hi, Spicious. Look, you want to be up here. Come here. Get your claws out of my shirt. Climb up onto the

pillow. Onto the pillow. You can sit right there. You can sit right there. Sit there. Then you got to get down and come to my lap.

He's being a little brat. He was listening so much better yesterday.

(to kitten) Come on. Down here. No, no, no. Get down here. Come here. I can't pick you up. Get down here. Get down here. You're just so — You got to come down. No, you're just walking in circles. Why are you walking in circles? What are you doing? What are you doing?

Anyways, where the heck were I? Oh, yeah. So, Murderbot is autistic-coded. Never going to be explicitly confirmed as autistic because that would not have plausible deniability.

Uh, so, Murderbot hates making eye contact with people and would prefer to be able to keep its face hidden from everybody so that they're not staring at it, because it's a goddamn slave and being able to hide its facial expressions is one of the few forms of

control that it has ever been allowed, because its face is usually hidden.

So, it being able to make whatever facial expressions it wants without people seeing what how it's reacting is one of the few forms of control it's ever been allowed in its entire goddamn life.

Also, we have no fucking clue how old it is. It could be a teenager for all we fucking know. And Mensah, one of its current fucking slave owners who has been treating it like absolute fucking garbage, um, is now insisting that it needs to not hide its face, um, because everybody else “needs to know that they can trust it”.

So “you, traumatized autistic person who is literally our slave, you're not allowed to have this one single aspect of control. We're taking that away. You have to show us your fucking face.”

So Mensah continues,

> "Maybe under normal circumstance."

Also, this shit here. Rewinding,

> "It's usually better if humans think of me as a robot." I said,

Because this book wasn't pretending, at least as much — because Martha Wells clearly hadn't decided it yet — that Murderbot, ~of course~ isn't human.

So, everybody with basic media literacy knows that murderbot saying “it's better if humans, if slave owners, think of me as a robot”, meaning ‘yes, I'm aware I'm a fucking human cyborg. So is everybody else.” Um, yeah, no.

And again, this “oh people think I'm just a robot” is again the slavery apologism on behalf of these fucking characters who this book again lies to us, straight to our goddamn faces, and tells us they ~just had no clue that robots were people, so how could they know Murderbot was a person and a slave?~

And then the entire rest of the series shows that they literally come from a planet that the entire economy

is upheld by robot slave labor. They know that robots are people. They treat them as slaves on their own goddamn planet.

But Martha Wells doesn't treat that as slavery! That is portrayed as a socialist utopia where ~they don't know what money is~. But the reason they don't know what money is, and no, they know what money is. The reason they don't use money is because their fucking workforce is enslaved robots who don't get paid and have no civil fucking rights.

> “Maybe under normal circumstances.” she was looking a little off to one side, not trying to make eye contact, which I appreciated.

So, that's Martha Wells trying to soften the, the blow of the slave owners stripping this goddamn slave of one of the only aspects of control it's ever had by saying, "Oh, yeah, maybe they're forcing it to show everybody its face, a thing it doesn't want to fucking do, oh, but well, she's not trying to make eye contact with it at the moment! So, that makes up for it, right? That makes up for it?? Totally!!!”

That's that we're that's literally supposed to be our takeaway. It's, it's ~totally fine~ for Mensah to be doing this to Murderbot, and — but it's, it's okay, because she's not making eye contact cuz she, she's realized it doesn't like that.

Even though what she's doing right now is forcing it to make eye contact with everybody from now on, because everybody will be able to see its face and it will have no fucking control over that anymore.

And then we're just supposed to think this is cutesy and and part of them “treating it like a person”.

(to kitten) Are you going to come up here? Are you just going to run around like a crazy baby? No jumping on the fan, guys. That's not what fans are for. There we go. There you go, silly babies causing chaos. Do you want your toy on the floor? Here you go.

All right. Yeah. Uh, continuing that paragraph:

> “Maybe under normal circumstances.” She was looking a little off to the side, not trying to

> make eye contact, which I appreciated. “But this situation is different. It would be better if they could think of you as a person who was trying to help, because that's how I think of you.” My insides melted. That's the only way I could describe it. After a minute, when I had my expression under control, I cleared the face plate and had it — and had it and the helmet fold back into my armor.

So yeah, again, literally this whole scene is, yes, the slave owners are in fact demanding that their slaves sacrifice its one fucking form of freedom and control it's ever had over its life, um, but it's totally heartwarming, guys, it'll melt your heart just like Murderbot’s insides melted. AKA. “My heart melted when she said, "I think of you as a person who's trying to help, not our slave."”

Um, yeah, even though you've all been treating it as a slave this entire fucking time.

And the fact that we told that these people won't see this slave, that they have enslaved, and they've been

treating like a slave, “as a person” unless they can explicitly see its face, despite knowing it doesn't want them to be able to do that, it's like, that speaks so much fucking volumes about how ready these motherfuckers are to dehumanize slaves that they have gone out of their way to enslave that they have been dehumanizing this entire fucking time and will continue to do so for the entire rest of this book and the entire rest of the fucking series.

> She said, “Thank you,” and I followed her up into the hopper.
> The others were stowing the equipment and supplies that had gotten tossed in right before takeoff. “—If they restore the satellite function,” Ratthi was saying.
> “They won’t chance that until—unless they get us,” Arada said.
> Over the comm, Pin-Lee sighed, angry and frustrated. “If only we knew who these assholes were.”

And it's like — hey, let me get a drink quick, cuz I had to point the fan at the floor cuz I spilled the water. I wanted to make sure it's 100% dry. (to kitten) You're so cute. I am just going to do a baby voice every now and then when I'm talking to the kittens cuz you guys are such cutie babies.

Can I turn the fan this way yet? Nope. Are you going to sit up here or you just going to be down there?

What time is it? 4:16. Trick-or-treating begins at 5.

We will continue. Does this tell me how big the file is? It does. This is 44 gigabytes. Well, it's slightly better than the other one.

I'll keep going for a little bit and then end this so that I can get ready for trick-or-treaters. There probably will be zero, but we can hope.

> “We need to talk about our next move.” Mensah cut through all the chatter and took a seat in the back where she could see the whole compartment.

Also, we've never gotten a proper description of the inside of this thing either, or even a “comparative description” because we never also got a description of the smaller hopper either. I guess this is the big hopper. I don't know. There's, there's no reason, there's no good reason for there to be two fucking helicopters. There shouldn't be.

But nobody's nobody actually properly fucking edits these things and they just let her get away with so much redundant shit that shouldn't be fucking in here. Like the fact that there shouldn't be eight goddamn named characters that we have to try and keep track of. What, at max, it should be maybe three other people, and even that would be kind of cutting it for a thing this goddamn short but pretending to be deep, *but not doing anything*.

Like, there's more character development in a short story from 1930 in a magazine, in a pulp magazine, a cheap pulp magazine that cost 35 cents to buy back then. There's more character development in one of those things than this.

(to kitten) You're such a cutie baby. Will you just lay down properly? You got to sit up here. If you're coming up here, you got to sit up here. Sit up here. Or you're going to have to just get down. Come on down. Come on down. Down. Down here. Down here. Oh, okay. Yeah, you you kind of hopped over yourself.

For the — for a hint for training cats, whenever possible, you want *them* to make the correct decision instead of you physically putting them where the correct decision is.

So when he's up there, I don't, I don't always want to just pick him up and put him down. I want him to figure out that he has to get down. So eventually he'll stop going up. And anyways, it works. That's how we've trained all of our cats to listen when we tell them off, which means get off whatever surface you're sitting on and get on the floor, or various other commands we taught them, including back up when we're trying to open a door that they want to go through, that they're not allowed to go through, they will actually back up and wait for permission,

including if they don't get permission and then they won't charge through.

> Mensah cut through all the chatter and took a seat in the back where she could see the whole compartment

That we have no description of.

> The other sat down to face her, Ratthi turning one of the mobile seats around. I sat on the bench against the starboard wall. The feed gave us a view of the little hopper's compartment with the rest of the team sitting there checking in to show they were listening.

And like right here at the end of that sentence, we could have gotten a comparative description. “The smaller hopper was, as the name implied, much smaller and cramped and had only blah blah blah seats,” anything, anything at all. But we don't get a single fucking description.

Mensah continued, "There's another question
I'd like the answer to."

(to kitten) Hey, why why are you poking the book? Why are you poking the book? He is so much bigger than he was when we got him already. I can't feel his ribs anymore. And that's a fucking improvement because he was like, starving when we got him. Weren't you? Hey, you were so you were even smaller than this. No, no, no.

Mensah continued, "There's another question
I'd like the answer to."
Gurathin looked at me expecta

Honestly, it had been so long since Gurathin was mentioned, I didn't realize he was even in in here. And that happens a lot in this. Like, there are so many fucking characters, but they aren't utilized. They're not used properly. I forgot Gurathin was even, I, I literally genuinely forgot that he fucking existed, existed, because

(to kittens) Why are you just doing that? Huh? What are you doing over there?

I forgot he existed. I, I thought at least maybe he's in the other thing, but no, he's here all of a sudden.

(to kittens) No. No. What are you doing? What is he doing? That's not cool. That's not cool.

Gan looks at

(to kitten) Hi. You gonna come over? You want to be on the video? Their siblings are doing flips. If you want to play, go play with them. Go play with their tails. Look, you can grab it right there. Yeah. Go get them. (tiny kitten squeaks) They're little baby war cries. They're adorable.

Uh,

Gurathin looked at me expectantly.

This is one paragraph.

She isn't talking about me, idiot.

It's not dialogue. It's just in the prose.

(poking at phone screen) Probably cannot read that... 48 gigabytes. Or is that 43? Oh, it's 43. Okay.

(to kittens) What are you doing? Get down. Get down. I know. You're so cute. You gotta, you got to be a lap cat first and foremost. All right. Yeah. You're so adorable.

Let me show you his cute little face. You can't really see him. Good boy. Good boy. All right.

Well, I'm gonna I'm gonna end the video here because my phone only has like 50 gigabytes of space free because shit like this takes up 90% of it. And I do have to go get ready for trick-or-treaters. So, bye-bye.